

VALENTINE.

A NOVEL.

Sweet object of my choice
Adieu! then calm recess!
My bleeding country's voice
Tears me from thy embrace.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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W A L F T I N

A N O V E L



BRITISH MUSEUM

1800

P R E F A C E.

IT is a generally received, and I believe a just notion, that most people have a predilection for the place of their nativity. As a proof, at the age of thirty-six years, having a large fortune left me by a near relation, I quitted my Chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, and my Profession as a Lawyer, and retired three hundred miles from the Capital; that according to a known observation, "The tree might be known where it first took root." However the respectable and valuable acquaintance I left behind me induced me to visit the Metropolis once every year; at that season, when the town is crowded, during the time of the sitting of the Parliament, the residence of the Court at St. James's

and the eclat of the contending houses of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

A recluse and still life is not calculated to raise content, when the mind has been busily employed for years in a Court of Law. Man is born for society, the hours hang heavy when crowded with too much reflection; Books will not always entertain or relieve; there is a vacuity in solitude; to pass the tedious hours alone is burdensome, and I cannot solace the day by the sports of the field, which afford me no enjoyment.

*I have felt a severe affliction in my earliest days, by a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, that of Love!—
Dear amiable woman! why was I fated to know you and to love you? Can I ever forget the innocence and beauty of your first appearance? No, never;
never*

never will the impression be effaced from my still bleeding heart. Love, early implanted, is not soon eradicated—I felt it in its full force, and could tell a very tender — But I am not addressing myself to you, for my own history, but to inform you, that a few days past I was under an engagement to dine with a very particular friend in the Temple, and went to my appointment with punctuality at four o'clock, the hour fixed on for dinner; but judge of my surprise, when, instead of meeting my friend as I fully expected, and to have enjoyed some hours of his conversation, which ever was sensible and instructive, I met a note lying on the table-cloth (ready for one person to dine) expressive of his sorrow at not meeting me, as a very particular business had called him out of town for a few hours, he desired me to partake of the
friendly

friendly meal provided for us, and that the intervening hours might not hang too heavy, had left me a Manuscript for my perusal, which I was to give my candid opinion upon, on his return. I am by nature curious, and therefore eat my repast with the eagerness of a rustic, tho' the elegance of the treat was worthy the participation of the most noble. I satisfied nature in one of her meanest requisitions, and hastened to satisfy a propensity we are all subject to, Curiosity. As I think it worthy your notice, I send it unvarnished by any eulogium of mine, a tale unadorned by fiction, a tale of woe; accumulated sorrow admits not of any blandishments; we may sympathize, but say with YOUNG, "Shall we too weep? where then is fortitude?"



VALENTINE,

A NOVEL.

*A SOLILOQUY, WHICH COMMENCES
THE TALE.*

TH E S E are thy trophies, O
ambition! these are thy spoils!
said Valentine, as he rested his right
foot on a drum, his body supported
by a halbert, both the property of
two brave youths, who lay dead at
his feet.

These are thy trophies ! yet am I spared amidst this carnage, casting his eyes over the field after the battle of Sorr. Alas ! alas ! why am I spared, when thousands lie dead before me. Ah ! Isabella, too, fatally fair, when will thy mild and plaintive voice again say to my bursting heart, "Valentine, farewell, Heaven shield thee from all harms." Heaven has heard thy prayer, the prayer of innocence ; but why am I fated to see the lovely maid, a destined wife for Orlando ? to see thee give those vows to him, enraptured with thy charms, while Valentine, forlorn and wretched, sighs with incessant grief for loss of thee, insensible to all his sorrows ;—when shall I be at peace ?

The

The soliloquy of Valentine was disturbed by a faint and dying voice, assailing his ears, "With, compassionate, assist a brother soldier and comrade, who must also soon resign his life, without immediate aid to stop his bleeding wounds."

Valentine started, looked round, "Can compassion be extended, said he, amidst this scene? I will assist thee, perhaps thou hast an Isabella who may mourn thy loss, may soothe thy pains. These wounds were gained in the field of honour; thy plaintive fair too may even now be weeping for thy loss; while mine, insensible and regardless of my life or fame, give all her anxious cares and fears to her Orlando."

B 2

"Distraction's

“Distraction’s in the thought, but I will assist thy enfeebled strength.” When looking round he beheld a youth wallowing in blood, fainting and languid, the pillow that supported his head was the body of the brave Baron Blanckenow, who had just fell before him ; and at his feet lay the old Colonel Labedours, a veteran in years as in honour.

Valentine’s heart bled at the sight, and extending his hand to the youth, to whose assistance he came, wished to extricate him from company and horrors so piercing to the bosom of humanity.

The youth, on his approach, said, in a fainting voice, he did not think his wound mortal. I will convey
you

you to the hospital, in which the wounded are, said Valentine.

If, returned the youth, you will see me conveyed in safety to *Staudentz*, a village about three miles off, I have there an aged mother, who lives only on the hope of me, her son, and Eleanor.

“Ah! exclaimed Valentine, thou hast an Isabella, I will see thee in safety to *Staudentz*, thy Eleanor shall cheer thee, and thou shalt revive her by thy presence; so saying, he raised the drooping Ensign, wrapt as he was in his colours, and placing him on his own horse, (who was grazing near the spot, unheeding of the slaughter) and conveyed him by
gentle

gentle paces to the village of *Staudentz*, to his weeping mother and his lovely Eleanor.

Valentine opened the door where he beheld the mother of the youth overwhelmed with grief, she was leaning on a table, her hands covered her face, and her eyes streaming with tears; the lovely Eleanor, seated on the floor in agony unutterable, raised not her drooping head at his entrance, but set in silent sorrow 'till the bleeding victim of their grief articulated the venerable word, "Mother," which instantly caught their well accustomed ears to the pleasing sound, and starting from her seat, exclaimed,

"My son, is he restored? do I see my Woolstan? lives there one of that race
still

still from the slaughter of victory; when falling on her knees, in raptures of religious zeal, she returned thanks for his life, and her relief from sorrow.

The venerable matron then approached to his bleeding side, from which issued the stream in a torrent of gore, fainting and almost expiring was her Woolstan, while the beauteous Eleanor, still on the ground, only raised her lovely eyes, and then sunk them again at sight of the flowing blood from him, the author of their present sorrow, and all their comforts. A surgeon was sent to, who fortunately was at home, and on examining the wound, pronounced it not mortal; quiet was recommended as the means to restore him.

Now

Now Eleanor rising discovered to Valentine a form not equalled, even by his adored Isabella; the Eleanor of Woolstan was more lovely than the Isabella of Valentine. Her person was elegant, her complexion beautiful, her eyes expressive and penetrating; there was a dignity and grace in her manners and movements, not often found as ornaments to beauty in a cottage; a reserve in her conversation, that spoke superior birth to what she now appeared to enjoy, and when she raised her lovely hands to heaven in thankfulness for the restoration of Woolstan, her energy spoke a mind fraught with sensibility and benevolence.

The mother of Woolstan having administered a cordial to him, he seemed

seemed to recover, and addressing himself to her and Eleanor, pointed to Valentine as his deliverer from death, while he stood contemplating the form of his Isabella in the person of Eleanor, disregarding their expressions of gratitude, 'till the beauteous maid herself roused him from his stupor, by thanking him with clasped hands and bended knees, for the preservation of her brother. Valentine hastily raised her, and exclaiming, "Your brother, is it your brother, is Woolstan the brother of Eleanor? Oh! Isabella, would that fate had given me as your brother, then should I have claimed all this tenderness I now see, without the heart piercing pangs which rend this bosom for you alone.

The

The mother, whose recollection began now to add to her sorrow, told Valentine, her Woolstan was the last surviving son of three, that had fell for their country, together with their father. Mine is a tale of woe, said the weeping parent, obscurity is now my choice. This son is all I have to support a wretched life, and my dutiful Eleanor is all that calls for my care or solicitude; I have known days when fortune smiled and blessed me and mine with affluence, but I will not charge your youthful bosom with accumulated griefs; may you, noble youth, be ever prosperous and happy, may you ever know, untainted, the satisfaction you have now bestowed on me, by restoring my son to my arms; to hear of your happiness will ever increase mine.

“Happy

“Happy, said Valentine, re-echoing the word after her, I am not happy, Madam, I am miserable; but I must leave you; the troops are on their march, I must attend them; the sons of war have no rest. Woolstan intreated Valentine that he might see him again. The blessings of the matron and Eleanor followed his steps, when mounting his swift courser, who knew no check from the rein, hastily left the cottage of Woolstan and Eleanor to join the regiment.

“Yes, said he, as he rode, I will see thee again, Woolstan, I will see Eleanor again, she has blest me with her smiles, she will remember the protection of her brother, and perhaps fight for his safety, while Isabella, unheeding of my welfare, presses to her lovely bosom

bosom the representation of Orlando, and remembers not the wretched Valentine, she travels not in idea my weary steps to spur me on to glory—heeds not the cannons thunder. Altho' in the field of Sorr, my weary limbs might now repose, insensible and cold to her and all this world; while the soul, freed from this cumbersome, this vile flesh, would soar aloft and watch her wandering way through life's bewildered mazes! guard her from harms! shield her in pain and sickness! view the fond caresses of her and her Orlando! — Oh! oh! too torturing is that thought to my distracted mind—when giving the spur to his steed he quitted his too heart-rending thoughts, and soon joined the corps at their rendezvous at *Friedland* and *Nackbod*.

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA,

TO

BERTHA.

Magdeburg.

AND will Bertha still favor with her friendship the unfortunate, the unhappy Isabella? Will the daughter of the amiable Baroness Waefneri, still give sanction to her friend, removed from her to a distant home? Will she honor with her confidence the former partner of her heart, intrust her secrets, tell her inquietudes, pour the torturing anxieties of disappointment or expectation into her faithful bosom; and receive,
in

in exchange, the heart rending troubles and distresses of her Isabella? Yes, you have told me you will, and when I left *Berlin*, the only consolation I had was the promise of my Bertha. Orphaned as I am and alone, yet have I comfort in you, the friend of my heart.

Cruel, cruel battle of Friedberg, to orphan me thus! to rob me of such a brother, the companion of my sorrows! O! Ferdinand, still green and festering in thy grave, how I lament thee; thy fall how glorious, yet lamented! But let me not revive in your breast, my Bertha, the grief you too felt for the loss of him, accumulated to me with the still more recent loss of the worthy guardian of my infant years, the old Marshal Dholte, father of Orlando
and

and Valentine ; his death has settled me here with the Baronefs Schwerin, his fister, who has undertaken the parental charge of the forlorn Ifabella ; taken me from *Berlin*, taken me from my Bertha, from all I held dear, to refide with her at *Magdeburg*.

The Baronefs is a gay woman, though advanced in years, time has not made that ravage in her appearance, which corroding cares implant on more favoured features ; ſhe afſociates with the gay, the lively, and the happy. Her ſon, the young Baron, is with the army, and your Ifabella affects retirement, lives ſecluded from the world. My apartments and the ſolemn cypreſs grove, whoſe towering tops defy the penetrating fun, only know the tread of
Ifabella's

Isabella's feet ; here I wander and muse over past scenes of happiness, recall to my mind days never again to be enjoyed ! and think——

Ah ! Bertha, how much have I to think on and to dread ? Orlando is with General Winterfeld ; Valentine, my Valentine, is with the great Frederick, the King. Victory attends his arms, and valour meets reward, but the safety of Valentine alone is the subject of my oraisons, for him every dread and terror fill my heart, I sigh incessantly and involuntarily ; the Baroness checks me in the act ; when the name of Valentine falters on my tongue, and I dare not say 'tis for him they rise, while the name of Orlando is mentioned as a welcome visitor to my heart, and she anticipates

pates his return as the most certain resource for all my griefs.

How cruel, how tantalizing the deception! Orlando left me, to join the General, with all the rapture and anxiety of unfeigned love and tenderness, he prest my hands alternately to his lips, presented me his picture; I was compelled to accept it; he too anticipated the joy of his return to his Isabella; constrained was I to join in the wish; when the amiable, the too charming Valentine, abashed and timid, prest coolly my hand and begged a blessing!

“Farewell,” said I, “Valentine, Heaven shield thee from all harms.” My faltering tongue did not dare to utter more. I hurried from them,

and throwing myself into a chair in my own apartment, gave the tribute of abundant tears to his virtues. Should I never see him more, Bertha, should the sharp pointed steel pierce that heart, insensible to my affection, what would become of the wretched Isabella? where should I hide myself from the world and from Orlando.

Valentine knows not that I love him—he loves me not; destined, as he knows for the future consort of his brother. But now I am thus sequestered from society and him, to ease a burthened mind, I will give my Bertha the outlines of a life, I fear, not favorably cast in the chequered scenes of destiny; and as you, my friend, in some measure support

port this life, so shall you guide,
by your prudence and fortitude, the
succeeding days of

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA;

TO

BERTHA.

Magdeburg:

THAT Isabella is the daughter
and only surviving child of
Field Marshal General Count Marlu-
ritz, is all my Bertha knows of a life,
young and already seasoned in the dis-
appointments of this world's glories:
That I am his daughter is my ho-
nour, my pride, and my ambition.

C 2

Vain

Vain and unstable are the gifts of fortune! the possession of beauty! or the certainty of health and life! but the honor I derive from him, my honored Sire, my lamented father, is durable and lasting as the records of Time, shall announce a name, or memory bear testimony to his valor, or his virtues; the name of Marluritz, will descend with posterity; children will be taught to revere, and emulation will arise in the youthful warriors at mention of his valor.

Pardon me, my Bertha, that I pay this small tribute of adoration at the shrine of him who gave me being; the name of Marluritz is not unfamiliar to the ears of the daughter of the Baroness Wafneri, her lisping accent first traced an idea of glory
in

in the mention of his name, and she increases this love for Isabella, when memory brings her Sire to recollection.

He fell, gloriously fell at *Chotusitz*, Ferdinand at *Friedberg*; here my Bertha, let me pause — the wound that memory receives at revival of such griefs, pants for relief and tears, (the feminine resource) comes to aid me in the conflict. —

I will now proceed. — Remembrance furnishes us not with the incidents of our infant years, imperfect recollection brings pleasing trifles to memory, but scenes of sorrow we do not thus participate in; all I can say is from the knowledge of Orras, my nurse, and who is still with me

me. She was born in the family of my mother, who was the daughter of Count Caglioni, and married my father very young, much to the displeasure of the Count, her father, who on the occasion renounced her to the fortune she had chosen.

Accompanied only by Orras, she left his protection, and fought that of a young soldier, and followed him to the camp of Frederic William, father to the now universal Frederic, who was penetrating into the heart of Sweden, with whom he was then at war.

The death of the Count Caglioni, my grandfather, which happened in a few years after their marriage, but not before my mother had three children,

children, the dear lamented brother, myself and another infant daughter.

His fortune, which was immense, he left equally between us three (the offspring of his only child) under the care and guardianship of Marshal Dholte, his intimate friend ; hence, Bertha, my connexion with this family and with Valentine.

The tender and sincere affection which subsisted between my honored parents, would not admit of a separation, and she attended him with her infant family in all the campaigns, shared with him the fatigues of a march, and encountered the inclemencies of weather and the inconveniences of a camp ; even the terrors of battle were not unknown

to

to her ; for, attended by Orras and her infant family, (only then my brother) she passed in disguise with my father through a troop of the enemy's horse, and arrived in safety at the quarters of the king, amidst heaps of slain, who lay strewed in the path they followed.

Alas! my Bertha, how shall I recount the final period to those tender cares and solitudes after the birth of Constance, my sister ; while yet she had but just drew breath, the danger of their situation compelled the Marshal, my father, to seek her safety, with mine and my mother's, by a separation.

We, with Orras, embarked in a vessel to cross the Baltic, when a violent storm foundered the ship, and
all

all on board were lost ; not all, my Bertha, I was reserved for greater troubles—sleeping and innocent in Orras's arms, she and myself were by the help of a plank by which she caught, thrown on shore, senseless both and near dying, when humanity, in the form of humble penury, came to our assistance, carried us to his cottage, cheered Orras (she can remember it) cheered the tender charge she had in me, and rescued us from death.

We were soon, on our being known, conveyed to *Berlin*. I was taken to the house of Marshal Dholte (my grandfather being just dead) and the utmost care taken of me. My mother and sister perished,

On

On a peace soon following, Count Marluritz returned to *Berlin*, and with him my brothers. All his happiness in life being buried in the untimely grave of my mother, his only consolation was in us his growing children; and a warmth of friendship cementing between him and Marshal Dholte.

The infant years with Orlando and Valentine we passed reciprocally together; our childish quarrels were the same, and our instructions too, 'till ripening years separated my companions from me.

As they were all designed for the Army, the military school educated them till the demise of the late king, when his present Majesty, on ascending

ascending the throne, took Valentine as one of his pages, and placed him in the circle of the court, being at that period too young for the field; Orlando with my brother had Captains commissions bestowed on them, and to follow the fortune of the King.

Here, my Bertha, memory begins to furnish me with painful, very painful circumstances of recollection, I will therefore relieve myself, for the present, from the task, and suspend my narrative, 'till fortified spirits will allow me to proceed.—May many, many less ills attend my friend which yet I fear are to fall to the destiny of

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA,

TO

BERTHA.

THE friendship of the Count, my father, and Marshal Dholte, increasing with their years, made them look beyond the period of their own existence for a permanency, to what death must separate ; but the fortune they could unite, even to continue after death,

With this view they fixed on a union between me and Orlando, which having settled to their mutual satisfaction, Orlando was with me in all excursions ; Orlando was instilled
into

into my mind, as the oracle of my life, and I was taught to look to him for that protection, I had not yet forfeited from my father.

Tender in my years, being only fourteen at the period I now mention, love had no share in my heart; *Chotusitz* deprived me of my father, the brave Field Marshal Count Marluritz; scarce was the sorrow for him removed, from my heart, but the field of *Friedberg* saw my Ferdinand a victim to war.

The will of my father announced his intentions of my marriage with Orlando, and though his commands were mild, yet his blessing was withheld if I retracted from his wishes.

Orlando

Orlando had made a campaign into *Silesia*; enraptured he returns to Isabella, claims his right, claims her heart. Alas! I cannot give it. Valentine, in his absence, came home, after being away three years; the amiable, the attractive youth. Orlando presses for my compliance with his wishes—I sigh, Bertha, I beg him to let the death of my brother plead for me another year, he kindly assents, but with reluctance.

The worthy old General Marshal Dholte dies, Orlando joins the army; the Baroness Schwerin takes charge of Isabella 'till his return. Valentine, contrary to all expectation, quits the court, and solicits to attend the King as a soldier of fortune; he is gone,

gone, as you already know——
Bertha, my friend, my narrative is
stopped——

A courier is arrived from the army
in *Silesia*, the King has had a battle,
the field of *Sorr* is covered with slain,
the son of the Baronefs is wounded
in the left arm, and coming home;
he mentions not Valentine, the friend
he fo much esteems. He may be in
safety—has he fled—Ah! No. Va-
lentine would ever face the enemies
of his country; perhaps he lies in
the field of *Sorr*. Oh! Bertha, under
fuch an affliction comfort and shield
the troubled breaft of

ISABELLA.

VALENTINE PAYS A VISIT TO HIS FRIENDS,

HIS RECEPTION AT STAUDENTZ.

THE battle of *Sorr* and the dispersion of the Austrians in consequence of it, caused the King to lay very secure and fearless incamped between *Friedland* and *Nackhod*.

The marching of the troops gave Valentine leisure for reflection. I will visit *Staudentz*, said Valentine, I will obtain leave for a few days of absence, and see *Woolstan*, see *Eleanor*, and the venerable mother of that beauteous maid. I may learn why she chuses to seclude from mortal sight that blooming flower, and bury in obscurity her own merit and virtues.

He

He mounted his horse, accompanied by a servant, and again turned his steps towards *Staudentz*. We should never omit, said Valentine, as he approached the village of *Staudentz*;—why should we omit or fear to visit the afflicted, the distressed, or the poor? But for my extended hand of compassion which he had a right to claim, Woolstan had now lain with heaps, and resigned his valour and his life on the field of *Sorr*.

Eleanor, the lovely maid, I adore as the counter part of Isabella; as beautiful and innocent as Isabella—What other charms but innocence can we admire? And for the worthy mother, I will share my fortune with her; what avails all I possess? willingly would I exchange my wealth

for the smiles and tender love of Isabella; live in the village of *Staudentz*, in that happy cottage, with her alone; unenviable then all the splendour or the pleasures of a court.

Woolstan was sitting at the door on his arrival, he rose at sight of Valentine, joy sparkled in his fine eyes, gratitude spoke emphatically from his heart, his flowing black tresses hung carelessly over his shoulders, nature needed in Woolstan no ornaments of dress; manly in his figure, valour and courage sat in his deportment, though scarcely nineteen revolutions of the sun had seen his birth.

It was now two weeks that Valentine had left the cottage, a langour hung

hung on Woolstan's countenance; debility marked his steps, he had not recruited the loss of blood his wound had occasioned. Woolstan blest the inactivity of war, as it brought Valentine again to *Staudentz*, and slackened that glory to others, he was now incapable of sharing himself.

Noble Woolstan, the blood of valour and true heroism flowed in a pure crystal current, for many ages of thy illustrious ancestors, now confined to the single channel of thyself; there centers all the valour they possess; in thee, the last, the best, if better could be—virtue, valour, emulation, shine conspicuous in a cottage and in thee.

The beautiful Eleanor was sitting when Valentine entered the house, she rose to receive him, a fine suffusion overspread her lovely face, she held out her hand to him, she received the preserver of her brother with tears, but they were tears of gratitude.

Valentine prest her hand to his lips, with respect, nay more, with raptures! for a moment it was the hand of Isabella, thus extended to him with tenderness and love, and he yielded to an impression as the dictates of the sensibility of his heart.

Eleanor blushed, confused, and with a hesitating diffidence attempted to withdraw the fancied treasure; her reluctance roused him from his deception;

ception ; it was not Isabella ; and he had intruded on the tender feelings of a heart, where gratitude, not love, was predominant.

Valentine was about to apologize for his vehemence, by an explanation, when the worthy matron made her appearance in this lovely group, and cleared them from their embarrassment.

On sight of the preserver of her son again, tears flowed apace, she beheld Valentine as more than mortal ; she conceived him in her ideas a superior being ; for had he not preserved her son, the last of that valiant race—Woolstan lived, and lived through him. The mother of Woolstan prest Valentine to her maternal

ternal bosom. He kneeling, with reverence returned her salutation on her hand, while a benevolent benediction fell from her lips, expressive of the sentiments of her heart. "May you, my son, be ever prosperous and happy."

When Valentine arose, the fine figure of his person, and the attractive graces of expression in his countenance, drew the attention of all. Eleanor sighed, Woolstan sighed, but from different sensations, while the busy mind of the mother called her handmaid, in Eleanor, to assist in preparing a repast for this her truly valuable and honorable guest, a repast the most luxuriant, consisting of the produce of nature, in her simple and plain attire, unadorned by incentives,
save

save cleanliness and purity, accompanied with beauty, virtue and valour, little is requisite to supply the necessities of nature; and what comparison was there to be made with the satisfaction Valentine now enjoyed, where health, the pleasure of society, and a reflection on the rectitude of his own conduct—what comparison could he make with those pleasures of a court, where he had been bred, the empty amusement of luxury and expence. Those natural pleasures always to be found in a cottage, such as Woolstan's and Eleanor's, are really above price; for they are below all price in their attainment, and above, infinitely, truly above all price in the enjoyment.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY.

THE entertainments of Valentine exceeded his most sanguine expectations; simple and plain as we have observed the diet, yet there was an intellectual feast beyond what could be hoped for in a cottage.

The mother of Woolstan was sensible, well bred; an extensive knowledge of the world, and of mankind, had too fatally, from misfortunes, taught her to despise both.

Woolstan, though so early in life, possessed all the attainments of learning, joined to a mind fraught with every moral good; benevolent, courageous;
his

his valour guided by prudence, not the headstrong impetuosity of youth ; cool and deliberate in his actions and manners, Woolstan never did an act without reflection, or that he had after cause to condemn !

Eleanor ! what was the lovely Eleanor ? What was not Eleanor that is comprised in woman to make her lovely ; beautiful and elegant in her person, comprehensive and quick in her understanding, these are the gifts of nature, but ornamented and enriched by instruction, education, and example in the mother of Woolstan.

Eleanor, plain and simple in her attire, yet clean and elegant, wanted nor sought the attractions or glare of dress, the bloom of modesty glowed
in

in her cheek, the sparkling flash of sensibility beamed from her eyes ; refinement of education guided and guarded, every motion of her well-turned limbs ; these are the embellishments to beauty, these the exterior charms to beauty, without these animation is as a statue we admire and approve, but leave without regret.

“ Ah ! said Valentine to himself, this is a cottage of luxury without expence ; this is a repast rich without satiety, a continual feast to the contemplative, and within a hidden resource against all calamities.

These refinements of knowledge were never the offspring of a cottage ; happy appendages to a life of retirement,

retirement, but never took their first growth at *Staudentz*.

The mother of Woolstan read the wishes of the heart of Valentine, for his heart, ever without disguise, spoke through the sensibility of his fine eyes, which were all intelligence, she read Valentine's wishes; Valentine was the first the mother of Woolstan wished to communicate them to.

I must know, said he, through the same channel of intelligence, what has induced you, amiable and truly deserving, to bury Woolstan and the lovely Eleanor, in obscurity? Your own sorrows which are heavy and severe, having buried a Lord and two sons in the honorable field of war!

war ! yet Woolstan and Eleanor live, let them experience the cause, before they embrace the effects of life's disappointments, and not wear out youth and innocence in thy society alone, clouded as it is by latent reflection on past days of happiness.

Thus mused Valentine, while the lovely Isabella, although she fully engrossed every avenue to his heart, yet the amiable attractive Eleanor, had the first wishes of Valentine at this moment, for a release from their happy obscurity.

The evening drawing on, Valentine was prevailed on to pass the night at *Staudentz*, he could not resist the prevalent wish of his heart. Eleanor joined her entreaties, they
were

were too persuasive, had action only spoke the sentiments she wanted not to conceal.

“ You must not leave us, Sir, said Eleanor, you must not leave my Woolstan, he cannot yet part from the friend he has so much cause to value ; the evening will be dark, I shall pass in dread and terrors the night, in apprehension for your safety, should you now leave us.”

Does Eleanor wish my stay, said Valentine, pressing her hand, then I must stay ; Heaven forbid I should give one moment of inquietude to your peaceful breast. Valentine spoke with a warmth of expression that raised a blush on the lovely face of Eleanor ; she repeated her wish, and

and Valentine staid the night at *Staudentz*.

On the morning following, Valentine met his friends at the breakfast table, Eleanor presided there as chief. Her handmaid, in the person of one of the village nymphs, attended on her; the table was richly covered, creams, vegetables, herb-teas of various sorts, butter from their own little dairy, newly made; even the bread was in part the produce of Woolstan's knowledge in husbandry, for the corn was produced from on their own land, and he superintended the culture.

This early call for recruiting nature being over, luxuries only require deliberate enjoyment; Eleanor arose
to

to watch her domestic cares. Woolstan retired to see the necessary attention paid to his fleecy care, a few wandering sheep, which penned in fold at night, waited the liberation of the morning's dawn. Valentine was returning to the camp and to the King. He was left alone with the mother of Woolstan, it was what he had wished; his intentions subsided of returning to the camp and to the king, he thought only of *Staudentz*, and the mother of Woolstan and Eleanor; she alone was present, and his former wishes returned to his mind. Valentine sat in silent expectation—he was not disappointed.

THE WIDOW WOOLSTAN'S

AFFECTING AND PATHETIC NARRATIVE.

I HAVE read, most noble youth, said the mother of Woolstan, an expressive wish in your eyes, to know the cause of my expression (when I saw the last of the race of Woolstan expiring as I then thought) that I had chose obscurity and renounced affluence——Alas! mine is a tale of woe!

Early initiated into sorrow, I am become from habit a *misanthropist*, I abhor the world and all mankind; this dejected furrowed visage is not so much the mark of reverend age, as accumulated sorrow; it is not the disquietude of years, but the heart rending

rending pangs of disappointed happiness.

My years are scarcely turned of fifty, although old in grief—to trace beyond myself is not possible—all I can pretend to affirm, as certain, is, that my father was a captain of a troop of horse under the late King; my mother, by chance, or some peculiar accident, falling into his company, he became enamoured, and married her.

I am the only fruit of that connexion, for my father being killed during the pregnancy of my mother, the loss of him had such an affect upon her health and spirits, that she only lived to produce me to the

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world, and then closed the scene of all her woes for ever.

Thus orphan'd at the hour of my birth! thrown on the world an alien! unprotected! destitute! what favor can I shew, where I had never any shewn me?

Alas! said Valentine, young as I am, teach me not to judge so hardly of that world we are born to encounter; where is fortitude if thus we forsake trial,

The matron proceeded—My father's sister having married greatly to her advantage, in the person of a young Marquiss, of an illustrious house, thought proper to take pity on the infant child of a brother she much esteemed. I was placed, in

con-

consequence, under the care and attention of an amiable female attendant, till three years had elapsed, when I was removed, and placed in the nursery at her own house, with her two daughters, who were nearly of my own age.

In this seminary, an instructor was appointed to innitiate us into the first paths of rhetoric, to bend the tender and pliant mind, by early culture, to habitual virtue ; to erase impressions prejudicial to society ; to lead the bewildered maze of uninformed reason, by rectitude, by example, and by precepts ; to adopt systems of virtue, of fortitude, of charity and philanthropy.

Under this discipline of early instruction, I may say, I rather caught

than received information, the only lesson implanted on my tender sensibility was humility. The dependant state I was in, was forcibly instilled into my mind; I was taught to look on the Marchioness in the light of a benefactor, not as the sister of my father, and she courted the applause of adulation herself under that claim; forgetting the tie of obligation in the consanguinity of affection to which I had so powerful a plea.

I will not burthen you or myself with the years of childhood, farther than to say, with the daughters of my aunt I received, or as I said, caught an education, 'till we arrived at the age of seventeen or eighteen.

I was seventeen, when the valiant,
the

the brave Woolstan, whose personal as well as mental endowments, made his alliance courted by the most noble, was commanded by his father to seek an alliance in the family of the Marquiss.

Illustrious by birth and of large fortune, the truly noble hero came. I was of the party—Imagining me a daughter; he hesitated not in his choice; and on his return to his father, extolled the mistress of his fate in terms of the highest adulation; the father pleased with his easy compliance, returned with him the following day to the house of his friend.

The niece being announced as the object of Woolstan's affections, all their promised happiness was destroyed

stroyed in an instant! so easy is the mind of man biaſſed by the glare of Fame and the gifts of fortune — Suffice it to ſay, Woolſtan was forbid to ſee me again ; for myſelf, I gloried in my aſcendency over his heart, but moſt I gloried in his renown.

His valour, his heroic virtues, for which he was ſo much famed, won more on my affections, than either his fortune or his perſonal attractions ; I loved him for his fame alone, and when forbid to love him by command, the prohibition added ardour to my reſolution ſtill to perſevere.

Woolſtan, whoſe aſſiduity in any purſuit was not to be checked, deſiſted not from his intention ; he found means to let me know his reſolution ;

solution ; I hesitated not in my compliance for his happiness—I fled with him and we were privately married.

Oh! fatal, fatal union! that gave me the blessing of such a lover! such a husband, now to deplore! — Here the tears flowed abundantly down her cheeks, she rose, and traversing the cottage floor, with a dignity and grace peculiarly elegant, gave vent to the keen sorrows of reflection. At this moment Woolstan entered, but seeing the situation of his mother, and the solicitous countenance of Valentine, retired again, and with Eleanor employed his leisure till called on—the mother continued her narrative to the attentive Valentine.

The consequence of our marriage
caused

caused a total separation from all our friends; Woolstan was not to be seen by his father—the Marchioness would not see the child she had fostered—what would have been commendable in the daughter, was highly criminal in the niece!—To love Woolstan was to violate all law, to love him not was an impossibility—I gloried in my choice, and the reciprocal attachment of our hearts made us pass years of uninterrupted happiness together, notwithstanding the continued resentment of his father.

At length the Baron, father of my Lord, died, (and seventeen years having subdued his resentment to his son) left him a large fortune. Two sons who preceded our marriage, being grown almost to men, were with
their

their father bred to arms—they would not quit the field of war.

A war with *Saxony* took place, I attended the Lord of my wishes—followed him in danger——Let me curtail my woes, said she——The first battle proved fatal to both our sons.

The grief of the Baron for their loss, is not to be described by her, who bore so large a portion in his sorrows. Woolstan was born, the youth your humanity saved.

Three years had dawned on that propitious hour, when the Baron, my lamented, my honoured Lord, in reconnoitring a redout for an attack, was, by a random shot, pierced through the heart; he fell, and left
me

me a wretched widow, with Woolstan, then an infant, and his only child; left to deplore a loss no time can irradicate—no time can soften the severe reflection, or banish from my remembrance what he was—and what I now am.

The mother rose in grief not to admit description. Valentine, absorbed in sorrow at the recital, could scarcely form his heart to yield to an impulse of speech, and say,—
“Why,—Eleanor—your lovely daughter?—Alas! said the mother of Woolstan, Eleanor is not my child, she”——“What, interrupted Valentine, is not Eleanor your daughter? the sister of Woolstan? claims she not so noble an inheritance? Where does she
derive

derive an origin, that speaks with so much grace in all her actions.

Check your transports, said the mourning widow of the brave Baron Woolstan, it is for her alone that thus I recal to my remembrance woes so poignant.

THE TALE OF WOE CONTINUED.

ELEANOR'S FIRST PROTECTORS.

TWO years before the fate of my beloved Lord took him from her protection, he was walking on the beach, when a soft weak moaning caught his ears; ever led by the dictates of humanity, he followed

lowed the call, where he soon discovered the body of a man just sent on shore, senseless and dead; near him, wet and dripping with cold, lay an infant child—my Eleanor—her little hands extended, moaning in accents of pitying grief for his assistance.

The valiant never hesitate to relieve distress; instantly taking the child in his arms, he brought her home to me. “Here, my beloved, is a daughter for you, Heaven has given you sons, and taken them again, cherish this infant as your own; fortune has thrown her as a charge to us, let us not infringe on nature’s bounties.”

I obeyed, and taking the babe, who was about twelve months old, she smiled on her benefactor and on me, as a presaging omen of what she would prove.

On the death of my Lord, I retired to this place, to *Staudentz*, with these infant babes, fully determining to renounce the world, and by an habitual retirement, to innure them to the love of that society alone, from which they could derive any lasting joy.

The education of Woolstan and Eleanor has been my sole employ; in both, my most sanguine hopes have been fulfilled. Woolstan is my son; Eleanor is a daughter, more than a daughter, in her duty and attachment

tachment. The hours of sickness are softened by her administering tenderness, the dull minutes of sorrow and reflection are enlivened again by her vivacity and attention; she suffers not a heavy intervening moment to intrude, but cheerfully contributes her whole days to support and alleviate those sorrows she ever perceives corrode my heart.

Valentine thoughtful now on the lovely Eleanor alone, asked submissively if no trace could give her cause to surmise from whence she came.

None, said she, except this small seal (taking a gold box from her pocket) this seal was round her neck, fastened with a gold chain; it is a coat
of

of arms, on the back are the initial letters C. M. the date 1727.

Valentine after attentively viewing the signature that gave testimony to Eleanor not being the sister of Woolstan, returned it to the mother ; who again addressing herself to him——
But for Eleanor, Sir, I should not thus have intruded on your feelings ; For Eleanor's sake ? said Valentine ; yes, returned she, the brave son of Marshal Dholte, will not hesitate, when I say, for Eleanor alone I have thus been so candid with him.

I dare not tell her, resumed the venerable matron, she is not my child, nor do I dare to tell Woolstan she is not his sister ; tenderly did I urge him not to risque a soldier's life——

his

his warlike spirit disdained an inactive life, and I was compelled to purchase a commission for him; he knows not the fortune that awaits him when I die. Ah! how will all his comforts lessen, when he meets the world! You, noble Valentine, must soften that connection; you, bred in court, know the fallacy of pomp and grandeur, shield Eleanor from pompous pride, and fatal adulation——Yet will I recal my words, and say I am not a *misanthropist*; you have taught me there is still virtue beyond the circle of this cottage; guard and protect my Eleanor; the virtue Woolstan extracts from his noble Sire will be his shield.

Here the noble matron ended, and clasping Valentine's hands, conjured him

him to keep secret the obscure birth of Eleanor —— I will, said Valentine, for wherefore should I tell it, I cannot trace her origin, although I am sure 'tis noble. I will not see her —— I will return to the camp —— I cannot see her now I know she is not the sister of Woolstan.

He was hastening to his horse, when the lovely maid met him, led by Woolstan; Eleanor was fearful you was gone, said Woolstan, without giving us the pain of a farewell.

Valentine prest Eleanor's hand to his lips, No, was all he could reply. The horses were at the door —— he bid an adieu, and left the cottage.

I can never visit *Staudentz* again said Valentine, the secret I wanted to know has disturbed my repose. It were treachery to keep from Woolstan that the lovely Eleanor is not his sister; and it were treachery in me to tell him—I must not see Woolstan and Eleanor again. — Valentine arrived in safety at the camp.

ORLANDO,

TO

BUCKENDORFF,

STEWARD OF THE KING'S HOUSEHOLD.

Camp near Nackbod.

WE have joined the King after a march of difficulty and dangers.

dangers. General Winterfeld, with three thousand troops were dispatched to the camp at *Rivchanaw*, to deceive the enemy, we were attacked by a body of the Russians on our return, greatly superior in number to us; but Winterfeld, ever himself, cool and deliberate in the greatest danger, disposed his troops so judiciously that we routed them with great loss, not inconsiderable on our side—we took three standards, and six pair of colours. However, the hazard and the victory might have been avoided, as it has since been known that the Duke of Weissenfel would not have followed Prince Charles toward the Frontiers of Moravia, as was suspected he would. I had my brave

horse, Denard, shot under me, he died in honor.

Valentine is with us, dejected, wan and solitary ! Why did he quit the court and you ?——some hidden cause I fear. He shared in the victory of *Sorr*, of which we were deprived——

Ah ! Buckendorff, what are the trophies of victory ? give me peace and my Isabella — cold insensible Isabella ; with what heart-felt agonies did I tear myself from her ?—— She extorted from me a promise not to press her to marriage 'till after this campaign. Her grief for Ferdinand, her brother, was sufficient cause ; she still laments his premature fate with unavailing sorrow.

The

The young Baron Schwerin is at *Magdeburg*, a slight wound at *Sorr* has taken him home and to my *Isabella*, he enjoys her company, her conversation—it may be he does enjoy it.

Forgive me, Buckendoff, we are taught to believe there is no true love without jealousy ; and who can see *Isabella* and not love ? and who that hears her but must adore !

You tell me you shall be soon at *Magdeburg*, you will for me present her the inclosed letter ; observe her strictly, Buckendorff, for thy friend. Press her hand to your lips, observe if she trembles at the delivery of my letter, if she blushes at the mention of my name——if the young Baron
attentively

attentively watches her steps, if he sighs when he beholds her; these are all indications of love, Buckendorff, too forcibly felt by thy friend; and ill accord those pangs and restless inquietudes, with war and the hurry and noise of a camp.

The drum, with the ear-piercing fife, and trumpet's clarion, are harsh and unpleasing melody to a lover's sighs, compared with the harmonising notes of my Isabella! her plaintive voice, that was wont to soothe and dissipate all anxieties, is lost in the din of arms and the cannon's thunder. When will the campaign be over, when shall I return to *Berlin*, to *Magdeburg*, to my Isabella, and call her mine, and again fold my Buckendorff to the breast of his friend,

ORLANDO.

ORLANDO,

TO

ISABELLA.

(Inclosed in the foregoing Letter)

Camp near Nackbod.

WHEN this letter is opened by the hands of my Isabella, how enviable will be the situation of my friend Buckendorff; he will see, he will converse with her; listen with rapture to her pleasing accents, and bless that tongue which enquires after the health of his friend, and her Orlando.

Alas! how can I be well, and
from

from you? Can society or enjoyment of pleasures claim any share of Orlando, when his Isabella participates not with him in that pleasure.

Blest as the memories of our fathers are to our hearts, the gift that they unitedly bequeathed to me, in giving Isabella to my arms, call for my most grateful, and for ever grateful acknowledgments.

O! my best beloved, thou pattern of perfection, and the ultimate end of all my future joy, when, when will you fulfil the bequest; write me the happy minute; bless me with an assurance of your love, under the signature of Isabella; tell me you will be

be mine, and delay not that happiness to the ever grateful heart of your faithful

ORLANDO,

ISABELLA,

TO

ORLANDO DHOLTE.

Magdeburg.

BUCKENDORFF delivered to me the letter of Orlando, I rejoice that he is well, that he is in safety; may he ever continue well. May Orlando ever remain in safety and in peace, is the sincere wish of Isabella.

Alas!

Alas ! most noble Orlando, we cannot always act well for ourselves. Our most worthy and lamented Sires gave me to Orlando, and he esteems the gift a blessing ; the King, likewise has assented to our union. May the blessing ever be esteemed by you, as such.

Your Isabella, grieving still over the remains of her lost Ferdinand, consigns all her wishes to his grave ! dear lamented youth, ever must I moan his loss, and while grief clouds so heavily her depressed spirits, ill would she grace the bridal day of brave Orlando.

Pardon me, that I thus hesitate not to tell Orlando the troubled secrets of Isabella ; he has a right to claim

claim all her grief and all her joys, a right bestowed past revocation: but Orlando, hasten not too precipitately an event that will for ever involve you in the destiny and succeeding sorrows and disappointments of

ISABELLA,

BUCKENDORFF

TO

ORLANDO.

Berlin.

I AM returned from *Magdeburg*, and have seen your *Isabella*; the dawning beauties are now ripening to perfection. Her gestures, her deportment speak the daughter of Count *Marluritz*, even his valour seems

seems conspicuous in thy Isabella, Pressing her hand to my lips I delivered your letter ; with a voice of condescending affability she enquired after your health, after the health of Valentine, your brother. Her voice faltered, she hesitated, and a crimson suffusion graced her beauty.

The young Baron with his mother were present—he is quite insensible to the power of Isabella's charms, disregards her attractive loveliness, and seems more to regret his absence from the army, than to enjoy any pleasure the conversation of that lovely woman can give him. The Baron is a true son of Mars, he wishes to be with Valentine, for their friendship is inseparable.

The Dowager Baroness Schwerin, on my presenting your letters to Isabella, complimented her on your safety. "We must have the young soldier with us soon," said the Baroness, "Isabella, will not associate with the chearful, her hours are given to solitude, and to Orlando."

Isabella rose, when the tear starting in her fine eyes, she bowing to me, as a farewell, hastily quitted the room—I saw her no more. The Baroness only observing that on mention of the name of Orlando, it was customary for her to retire from the company.

I own, to me, there is something mysterious in her conduct. Why does she delay your wishes, if her

own

own are united with them? Or why suffer you to hazard a life, that apparently is so dear to her?—but women are riddles.—I fear their charms and their enchantments, I dread connections so dangerous to our peace; and when I hear that the lovely Eleanor is in any particular party, I shun that society as a *pest* worse than the *plague*. No, I cannot trust myself with Eleanor, but I wish she would trust herself with me.

Adieu, friend of my heart, may every blessing this world can bestow be multiplied on you and your lovely Isabella, is the sincere prayer of,

BUCKENDORFF.

BARON SCHWERIN,

TO

VALENTINE.

Magdeburg.

VALENTINE, my friend, what a task have you enjoined me, the enormity of my crime must be very great, to call for such a penance ; is it not enough to be under the roof with Isabella, to converse with her, to watch her motions, the alternate glow of her fine eyes—but I must dive into the inmost folds of her heart, and develop the ambushes of concealed love—and why must I do it ? Because I chanced to express my mind too freely to you, in saying I did not think Orlando possessed the

the first place in her affections.—

Who has a claim to Isabella's heart but Orlando? Who so well deserves Isabella, as the brave, the noble, the just, the good Orlando, your brother.

Nature as well as right, gives him a prior claim to the possession of those transcendent excellencies comprised in that lovely woman; I nevertheless still hold my opinion—Orlando shares not the heart his merit claims.

Buckendorff was at *Magdeburg* a few days past, on a visit to his mother, he brought her a letter from Orlando. She enquired after his health in accents the most engaging, she enquired after your health too, in words equally tender.

I did not quit the apartment during his stay, but conversing on indifferent subjects, seemed totally inattentive to her words or actions. She put Orlando's letter in her pocket, there was no solicitude in her looks to see the contents, nor would she have left the company, had not my mother joined Isabella's wishes with her own for the return of Orlando. She then arose visibly disordered, and bowing to Buckendorff, with a grace peculiarly elegant, left the room—the crystal drops stood suspended in her eyes, but they proceeded not from sympathy in the wish; there was a grief, a constrained silence; and I doubt not when she reached her apartment of privacy, her heart yielded to the oppression with which it was at that moment absorbed.

I think I begin myself to be curious after the search—I will endeavour to draw the secret——love is always in the extreme, either very communicative, or else silent and desponding; yet I know not what it will avail either you or me, to know for a certainty that by marrying Orlando she will make him miserable or herself. Orlando must possess Isabella, the King assents to their union.

My arm remains still in a sling, a tendon is much injured; when I can be unshackled from this bandage, then will I immediately join the army and you my friend. Love and war, though they are frequently coupled by the votaries of pleasure and inactivity—are, in my opinion, greatly

greatly severed. Quit the field, or quit your attachment to the lovely Isabella.

Why should you waste your sighs and inquietudes on a woman you can never hope to possess; she is your brother's, she is Orlando's, and as I said, who deserves so well the heart of Isabella as Orlando.—Farewell

SCHWERIN.

BARON SCHWERIN,

TO

VALENTINE.

Magdeburg.

THE discovery is made—Orlando, unhappily, is not the possessor

possessor of Isabella's heart.——Ah! what avails the acquisition of a casket, beautiful to behold, if robbed of the inestimable treasure it contained? Beautiful as Isabella is, who would be content with Isabella, without those appendages of love, affection, and solicitous anxiety, she can so amiably bestow?——But these are transferred to some more happy object, though not more deserving than the amiable Orlando.——Take the event as it happened.

Excited by the curiosity you had raised to know the secrets of Isabella's heart, I this morning, the weather being fine, took a book, and walking into the grove, where I knew she frequently retires, purposing by the deception of a book in
my

my hand, to hide from her any suspicions she might entertain of my intention.

I walked, musing on and very studious 'till I reached a small temple, which is situated in the midst of the grove, and almost hid by the intervening branches of underwood that surrounds it; here I stopped to listen if she might not be seated there—I stooped down and presently discovered the edge of her long robe, which extended beyond the building, she was very still, I therefore supposed her reading, 'till passing hastily as if intending to set down, I discovered the object of her speculation was a picture, which with haste and manifest confusion she deposited in her lovely bosom.

I apologised immediately for my intrusion, pleaded my inattention to her being there, from my thoughts being fixed on my book ; I offered to retire, when she sweetly, and with a gracious smile, said, “ Don’t go, my Lord, intrusion is sometimes a relief, I may perhaps have cause to thank you for thus coming seasonably to my assistance, my studies might not be so pleasing as they ought to be,

I bowed respectfully, for Isabella commands reverence from the grace of her deportment——she heaved a sigh, expressive of the anguish of her heart——Why that sigh, said I, and pressed her hand to my lips ; Isabella deserves every happiness that awaits her ; the picture deposited in your bosom with such haste, surely
deserves

deserves the fond attention of Isabella. Who more merits a return to his love, than the brave Orlando?

At mention of his name her eyes were suffused in a briny torrent: O my Lord, mention not Orlando and love to Isabella; would I could reward his virtues, as his love deserves. Isabella is Orlando's, a dying father's blessing awaits her compliance—but Isabella's affections, her love, are not her's to give—they are—Oh! how hard a fate is mine! She hurried from me with a grandeur of grief inexpressibly affecting; I tried to follow but could not, my spirits were so agitated.

Dear lovely woman—they are—
a hard fate indeed is thine!—But
whose

whose are they? — On whom hast thou fixed that invaluable heart? — Why did you not finish the sentence, and say, who you found more deserving of the trust, than the graceful, the worthy Orlando?

Whoever thou thinkest more worthy, I shall think so too for thy sake. I know at present but one; yet in the choice Isabella shall make, will I include a second, though it were the greatest enemy I had.

On our meeting at dinner, I could discover by her eyes how much they had been affected by her sorrows — But whose was the picture, Valentine? She has not your picture, nor has she mine. —

Ah!

Ah! how happy shall I esteem my fate, if the bending eyes of the fair one I shall select, may hang with such solicitous anxiety over the representative of me, when absent, as did those of Isabella over the happy unknown she now idolizes.

Yours,

SCHWERIN.

VALENTINE,

TO

BARON SCHWERIN.

Camp near Nackhod.

I AM undone! for ever miserable!
The means I took through you,
Schwerin, to know the secret wishes
of

of Isabella, have proved a source of regret to me, inextricable! —

Why could I not rest contented with the fate allotted me, and seen her the wife of Orlando; insensible of the sorrow such a union would give her susceptible heart, I then should have only known my own woes; but now that I know she will be miserable, it doubles my inquietude.

It must not be, Schwerin——yet who has a right, who deserves so well Isabella, as Orlando? If her love must be transferred from him to another, who had a prior right than myself to her affection.

How dare she, (O impiety; Isabella

bella cannot do wrong) dispose of her heart, regardless of Orlando, or me? Let me know the possessor and I will tear from his bosom that blessing he cannot deserve.

I know who your friendship intends, when you say, one only beside Orlando is deserving of Isabella.— Ah! my friend, would that she thought so! — What availed her blessing or her prayer, when her heart went not with either? Isabella gave me her blessing, but the bitterest denunciation of her vengeance was on her tongue to utter — by giving herself to another.

The King talks of winter-quarters, and the refreshments of the approaching rigorous season, for the army
are

are almost exhausted from fatigue. The soldiers have lain on their arms for the last fortnight, in daily expectation of an alarm from the enemy, but they now seem to be dispersing.

I must visit *Magdeburg*, before the separation of the army takes place; when that event happens Orlando returns with speed to *Magdeburg*, to Isabella; with rapture and impatience he returns, claims her promise, she dares not refuse, they are married, and Isabella is miserable.

No, no, it must not be—I will see her first at *Magdeburg*, I will scale the wall of your garden by moon-light, I will watch under her window till she deigns to look out, and

and then will I beg at her feet a heart the most sincere that ever warmed a human breast—if she rejects me, if she rejects me with disdain; if she tells me a more favoured object than Orlando or Valentine deserves her vows, I will bear the sentence from her lips with submission, but not with patience. I dare die, Schwerin, but cannot live to see Isabella either miserable, or the property of another.

Come and join us before we are separated; I must fulfil my intention of visiting *Magdeburg* in private; it must not be known on Orlando's account; let me see you first, and soon, as my impatience will not admit of delay.

VALENTINE.

BARON SCHWERIN,

TO

VALENTINE.

Magdeburg.

I AM preparing to leave *Magdeburg*, and shall be with you in a few days. I would not have the King break up the camp without being present. Let not, my friend, the perturbation of your anxiety hurry you too precipitately into an act, which may create future uneasiness to your mind.

I have much to tell you, when we meet, suspend every uneasiness of your thoughts——

My

My mother suspects Isabella's affections at last, and grieves that Orlando has not the return to his love, which his worth and noble endowments deserve. She suspects—— Dare I tell you she suspects Valentine has superseded his brother in her affections? but do not dwell too securely on her judgment, it is many years since the Baroness Schwerin felt the power of love, she may have forgot the tender solitudes and pantings of the heart, now cold and dead in her frozen bosom.

I have, nevertheless, my doubts, though I am ever ready to discover any advantage in favor of my friend.

The picture—the picture!——She has not your picture, Valentine; that

is

is a circumstance my mother is unacquainted with; but possibly more authentic information may have come to her knowledge, through those intelligent vehicles, ladies maids.

Orras, who still attends on Isabella, has long served in that capacity, as she was her nurse. Uston, too, the faithful Uston, who attended on the amiable Ferdinand, attended on him to the last, and received his parting breath, which was offered up in a prayer for his beloved sister, Isabella, is in the retinue of my mother's servants; when waiting at table, I can see the tears starting in the faithful creature's eyes, on observing her too attentively; he likewise served the old

Court

Count Marluritz, her father——but
all this thou knowest.

Farewell, friend of my heart, I
shall soon join the drum, martial
discipline and you——farewell, 'till
then to thy friend,

SCHWERIN.

ISABELLA,

TO

BERTHA.

AFTER three months absence
I congratulate the friend of
my heart, on her return to *Berlin*,
and to a gay court, to shine amidst
the affluent and happy; surrounded
with lovers, friends and admirers.

Little, my Bertha, it avails either lovers or friends, unless the heart yields to the impulse and directs the sense. You in exchange for my confidence have told me who it is makes all places happy to Bertha—The rover, the insensible, who shares the solicitude of your heart, left us yesterday, after a confinement of six weeks at *Magdeburg*, from a slight wound he received in his arm, at the battle of *Sorr*; do not let me increase your anxiety, when I say, the Baron is truly amiable and deserving of your regard.

But he is a soldier only, bred from his infancy to arms, his whole soul seems centered in a camp, and his impatience to return to the army made him leave his mother sooner than

than her solicitous care for his safety would have wished him to have done. You, my Bertha, will however soon have him in the polite circles, for they are preparing to close the campaign, and return into quarters for the winter season.

Oh ! Bertha, on mention of that circumstance, so pleasing to you, the heart of Isabella chills with horror ; what events, shocking to her, awaits that moment ! Orlando, the amiable Orlando, returns then to *Magdeburg*, to his Isabella ; and Oh ! dreadful, dreadful recollection ! demands her hand — compels her to meet him at the altar, and pledge those vows she cannot assent to. — Orlando, truly worthy, how sensible I am of your merit, and your love, but I

cannot return it——Valentine, your still more happy brother, possesses the heart of Isabella, and I am born to make you wretched.

Thus, Bertha, do I spend my days, my nights too, lamenting his fate and my own ; I retire to the grove, I weep there, and taking my own picture from my bosom, where, on the opposite side of the shagreen case, I have worked in gold, the name of Valentine—I sigh, weep and lament that the two cannot be more nearly united.

A small temple is my place of rest, where I was so lost in thought a few days ago, that the young Baron had nearly been a witness to the cause of my uneasiness. I hurried the case
into

into my bosom, with haste and confusion, and he supposing it the representation of Orlando, congratulated me on the approaching happiness of so amiable a man. I was greatly distressed at his mentioning Orlando, and the name I had been musing over, so dear to me, heightened it—he saw my agitation, and enquiring the cause, I so far forgot myself, as to say, Orlando, love, and Isabella, could never form happiness.

The Baron seemed surprised ; I left him in haste, and going to my own room, gave vent to a flood of tears ; at dinner his penetrating eyes wanted to read my heart ; I retired from him as soon as I could. If he had ever sought occasion to renew the conversation, I believe I could have
had

had courage to have been more explicit.

The Baroness looks suspicious, she is very fond of her amiable nephews. Why does Isabella cry, (she says to me) and taking my hand, is there any secret cause? The question increases my grief, yet dare not say—I cannot love Orlando, much less do I dare to say—I love Valentine.

My Bertha, write me advice, and consolation; if I am compelled to give my hand to the unexceptionable Orlando, in the splendid circle at the court at *Berlin*, what an aching heart will there be amidst the gay, in the breast of your

ISABELLA.

VALENTINE,

TO

BARON SCHWERIN.

Magdeburg.

I DATE this from a small cottage, at the end of your stables; it is inhabited by an old man, almost blind, and so infirm I need not fear any discovery; my horse I left two miles off, at *Culen*, from whence I walked. I took shelter here till the evening is further advanced, I will see Isabella to-night, and to-morrow meet her in the grove.

I have sworn you to secrecy; on your sword have you sworn, an oath

a foldier will fcorn to forfeit ; and my difguife is fo compleat, I am fure, were it day, the Baronefs your mother would be deceived, was ſhe to meet me. Yet let me be known to Ifabella ; let me appear grateful in her eyes, and I ſhould be content to wear it for my life, though it excluded me from the ſociety of all the world beſide.

The moon ſhines with reſplendent brightnefs ; I ſhall leap the garden wall, and walk under the window, as you have pointed to me where that is ; Duncan, the yard-dog, I need not fear, his ſagacity will readily aſſiſt his gratitude to know a benefactor, who has ſo often fed and ſtroked him. Man only, ungrateful man, is unmindful of paſt benefits,
and

and spurns the hand that has screened
and protected him.—I am going,
adieu.

VALENTINE.

ISABELLA,

TO

BERTHA.

Magdeburg.

O H! my Bertha, sustain, support
me, Heaven give me fortitude,
and resolution to bear the trial; it is
now midnight, yet will not sleep be-
friend me, were I to go to bed, I will
therefore unburthen my mind to you.

The evening being fine, and the
moon shining very clear, I threw up
my

my window, when I retired from the drawing-room, intending to employ half an hour in viewing the sweetly spangled hemisphere, and moon gliding gently down to rest. I had not been long thus contemplating, when I was suddenly interrupted by a person hastily leaping the lower wall of the garden, and making towards the house. I thought it the step of somebody I knew, and was going to call to him to beware of the yard dog, who was loose, and would fly at him; but judge my surprise when I saw Duncan, the dog, go up to the person, wagging his tail and fawning at his feet, while he continued walking towards the house, never looking up, nor did he see me till he was quite under my window; when raising his eyes, and beholding

beholding your friend, said, Isabella. My doubts were soon dispelled, by a voice the most harmonious, the most desirable, vibrating on my ear, "What, Isabella! do I again behold you." Bertha! Bertha! it was Valentine! the brave Valentine!—I thought I should have fainted, my eyes grew dim, my voice faltered: I asked him, with hesitation, if I should let him into the house. No, not for the world, he said; but would I meet him in the grove to-morrow at noon, his life and happiness depended on that meeting. I promised. I would, when he left me with precipitation, and again leaping over the wall, was soon out of sight.

He is but just gone, Bertha, it is surely a dream; I can never have
seen,

seen, have conversed with Valentine. Yes, yes I have, Valentine is at *Magdeburg*, is well, is in safety; I shall meet him to-morrow at noon in the grove—the event of the meeting you shall know. In the mean time do not you, Bertha, blame me, if with candour, and without disguise, I lay before him the secret wishes of the heart of your

ISABELLA:

ISABELLA,

TO

BERTHA:

Magdeburg.

HOW shall I tell my Bertha
the event of the meeting?
how

how tell her, in terms expressive of my own sensibility, that Valentine loves Isabella? Alas! alas! how fatal are our wishes! Valentine assures me of eternal truth, of constancy, of love unfeigned, yet am I not happy!

Valentine met me dejected, his breast was disturbed by doubts; with hesitation he told me, the Baron Schwerin had informed him there was a more favoured lover than Orlando, in the breast of Isabella; did he dare to hope it was himself? — He knelt at my feet, Bertha, and urged me with so persuasive an eloquence, to relieve from the torture of suspense his agonizing mind, that I did not know how to act.

Ah!

Ah! Valentine, (said I) should Orlando hear you talk of love to Isabella;—to his Isabella he has a claim. If I love you, I forfeit a dying father's blessing; the King consents to my union with Orlando, will he consent I should have Valentine too? the Royal word cannot be revoked. He rose and walked from me dejected; then returning—will Isabella say Valentine has an interest in her heart? will she own a return to the most ardent love? I did not reply; he seized my hand with a vehemence that frightened me; whose picture was that you was contemplating, if not Orlando's? I took it from my bosom, Bertha, and gave it him; it was sufficient, he clasped me to his bosom with transport, and called me his for ever. Thus united in one indissoluble

soluble fate, Bertha, our troubles are now mutual. The army will be dispersed into winter quarters in a few days, Orlando then returns to *Magdeburg*, Valentine presses me to go with him, accompanied by Orras. We dare not marry on the King's account, his displeasure would be the consequence, and the resentment of Orlando. Ah! dreadful consequences might be the result of his revenge and despair? I tremble to think of it. Valentine proffers to convey me in safety to the habitation of a worthy lady, who resides in total obscurity, with a daughter and son, there he would sometimes visit me, frequently write to me.—To hide myself is my only security—I think I have no alternative: If Orlando returns to *Magdeburg*, while I am here, then have

I no resource. Counsel me, my friend, my Bertha, counsel me, and keep my counsel; for should it be known I had sought refuge with Valentine, of small avail would be the ties of consanguinity to correct the violence of passion, where the disappointment of one brother had promoted the success of the other.

Valentine is returned to the camp, he is to be here again to-morrow. I have this moment a letter from Orlando, brought by a courier, who came from the Baron Schwerin to his mother. One week and they strike their tents, then he shall (he says) return to his Isabella; I must not meet him!—Pity me, Bertha, but do not blame (however reprehensible you may think) the conduct of

ISABELLA.

ORLANDO,

TO

ISABELLA.

Camp near Nackbod.

IN a few days I shall be at the feet of my Isabella, my lovely bride, and beneath the influence of her benign eyes, supplicate for the completion of my happiness, the day of consummation to perfect bliss, in the possession of her, the lovely partner of all the felicity Orlando can know. Meet me with pleasure, meet me with satisfaction at the prospect of succeeding happiness; for be assured, no act or thought of Orlando's shall ever interfere to lessen that joy Isabella can only bestow on her faithful, and for ever constant,

ORLANDO.

ISABELLA,

TO

BERTHA.

Magdeburg.

ONE half hour more, my Bertha, and I bid farewell for ever to *Magdeburg* and the Baroness Schwerin. Orras attends me, who has packed up a few necessaries, and is now watching for the signal, which is to be given at my window by Valentine. The night, Bertha, is dark, dreary and sad, the wind blows loud through the leafless trees, and the rooks croak at a distance in the rookery portentous, as if disturbed, at an hour unseasonable, by my flight. Duncan too, moans and howls, as if displeased

displeased at my departure. In such a night we have two long miles to walk before we reach the carriage; yet with all these terrors I feel no dread, because the brave Valentine is my guide, my guard; with him I cannot fear. I will write to you how to convey to me your letters, as mine must be privately brought to you. The signal is given, I go, Bertha, Valentine is at the window—I hear his voice. Pray for me, my friend, pray that no greater evil than the present may befall your

ISABELLA.

THE ELOPEMENT.

Ifabella, and Valentine, her protector, left the house of the Baroness Schwerin and *Magdeburg*, to cross a

dreary common, of two miles in length, followed by Orras with a small bundle; the wind blew from the North-East, bleak and cold; not a tree was there to shelter her from inclement weather, and the wind rustling among the heath and broom, which grew in scattered clusters o'er this barren moor, served to increase the horrors and darkness of the night.

The beauteous form of Isabella, which required no ornament, was nevertheless elegantly dressed; her robe, of white muslin (according to the fashion of the country) was long, but not tuck'd up, for the convenience of walking, covered with an azure coloured petticoat; round her waist was a zone, or cestus, of black velvet,

velvet, fastened with a gold buckle, on her head was a bonnet, originally the manufacture of Leghorn, decorated with white ribbon, while her lovely flowing locks, hung in careless ringlets down her back and o'er her shoulders, playing in folds upon her neck, whiter than transparent alabaster, which rude Boreas, stern and unpolished in his manners, tossed at random, here and there, regardless of their order, or the loveliness of the fair possessor ; over all, Isabella had wrapt a large cloak. Valentine was now freed from his disguise.

He was in the regimentals of the corps to which he belonged ; under his arm in a scabbard he carried a broad sword, and in his belt were girt two pistols, loaded with balls ;
in

in this manner they travelled to *Culen*, where a *Berlin* coach, with four horses, being ready to attend them, Valentine handed Isabella in, and following her himself, with Orras, they set out with speed, travelling all night post, and in the morning found themselves at the habitation of the Dowager of the brave Baron Woolstan, at *Staudentz*, and Valentine again saw Eleanor, and the amiable youth he had rescued from death.

On their alighting from the carriage, at the door of the cottage, the mother of Woolstan was struck with surprise, at the beautiful figure and deportment of Isabella; the elegance of her dress, (though greatly disordered and discomposed, by the rough wind and travelling all night) did
not

not attract her notice, who had long disregarded those exterior ornaments. But Eleanor's whole attention was fixed on her diamond clasps, her gold buckle, and the flowing elegance of her robe; unaccustomed to female ornaments, Eleanor had never seen any thing fine, but the regimentals of Woolstan, and the glittering halbert. Her dress was plain and neat, while a straw hat both hid her from the scorching heat of the sun, and the adverse inclemencies of the weather; she viewed Isabella as a Deity; while, on the contrary, Isabella beheld Eleanor as a model of perfection, luxuriantly adorned by nature! for Isabella was truly insensible to the power of her own attraction—and for dress, she subscribed to it more from custom than
any

any intention she had to embellish those charms, in which nature had been so lavish to her. The lovely Isabella, and the still more lovely Eleanor, had congenial minds, minds unwarped by folly or prejudice—they loved each other by sympathy, by nature——nature, innocent and un-biassed.——

Valentine had previously been at *Staudentz*, and settled the coming of Isabella there. Nothing now was to be done, but for him to return to the camp, but that was much — to part with Isabella; Isabella to part with Valentine. Eternal vows of constancy were mutually given, he would see her soon again. The soldiers were striking their tents, he must join the army—he should be missed;
Orlando

Orlando would enquire for his brother, with him must he go to *Magdeburg*, to *Berlin*. They parted, inviolable secrecy was promised by all parties — Isabella sighed, Eleanor sighed — the eyes of Eleanor followed him 'till out of sight. Eleanor loved Valentine better than any man on earth, Woolstan excepted, but Woolstan was her brother. Valentine left Isabella in safety, yet Woolstan was young, was susceptible! Isabella attractive! But Woolstan, bred with Eleanor from their infancy, must love her in preference to all the sex, lovely as she was, and Eleanor is not Woolstan's sister.

VALENTINE,

TO

ISABELLA.

Camp near Nackbod.

I AM separated from my Isabella, I have left the amiable and lovely society at *Staudentz*, for the noise and hurry of a camp. Happy, thrice happy Woolstan, to be so favoured by fortune at *Sorr*, as to make debility a blessing!—He can plead inglorious safety, and enjoy the company of my Isabella and Eleanor—while I am hurried by contending passions within, and the confusion of arms and clamours around me. O happy content, with my Isabella, at
Staudentz;

Staudentz; let me invoke thee, peaceful contentment, as a guardian with my lovely Isabella, and I will renounce all else this world can give.

We shall quit this place to-morrow, the soldiers are already preparing with alacrity for ease and comfort after a long campaign—they will return to their families, and their partners, while every step will carry me still farther from you, and in you all that is dear to me on earth; even my glory comes not in competition with my love for Isabella. The King in reconnoitring the camp, previous to their dispersion, was walking yesterday with Winterfeld, Orlando and myself, and talking of the inactivity now to succeed the fatigues of intemperate marches, addressed

ressed himself to Orlando.——You, brave Orlando, (said his Majesty) will enjoy all the comforts of retirement with the amiable daughter of my lamented General, Count Marluritz; for us who court the favours of fortune only in wars and arms, address her not as a female, I am no gallant — may you enjoy all the happiness such an union promises! and when the early days of dalliance and love are past, introduce her to my court, at *Berlin*, where she will not only shine as one of the most lovely and amiable in that polite assembly, but shall receive additional honours from me, as her due, to the illustrious merit of her father. Orlando bowed with submissive respect to the King, and pressing his hand to his breast, said, The honour his Majesty did

did him, by his approbation, greatly increased his present prospect of happiness. The King sighed, and turning to me——Valentine, accept of my congratulations likewise, on the happy occasion; you must participate in your brother's felicity.

Ah! Isabella! beloved of my soul, how was I situated—I started—hesitated—when bowing to conceal my emotion, it was taken as a mark of approbation, and my agitation passed unnoticed. My beloved Isabella, divert yourself in my absence, laugh, sing and play upon Eleanor's harp, forget not Valentine, but forget his anxiety. I shall accompany Orlando to-morrow to *Magdeburg*, where he proposes staying a week, and then to our home at *Berlin*.

Let

Let me hear soon from you; write me you are well, if on a sick bed; write me you are happy, if miserable——the means we have settled for our correspondence admits not of a possibility of discovery. Orlando, how will he be received at *Magdeburg*?——I wonder the Boronefs has not sent him word of your unexpected absence, but she expects us every day. Best beloved of my heart, accept of the tenderest regard of your faithful

VALENTINE.

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA,

TO

BERTHA.

Staudentz.

AT the distance of near one hundred miles from *Berlin*, does Isabella now date her letter to Bertha, the friend of her heart. — Write to me, my friend, by the conveyance the bearer of this will propose; a mode by which we may interchange our thoughts and wishes, precluded from a possibility of discovery. I am impatient to hear from you. Orlando is at *Magdeburg*, or at *Berlin*, Valentine with him; the torture of my mind is great, respecting the discovery

covery of my elopement, and his suspicions of the partner in my flight; for it is not propable Orlando will think I have voluntarily absented myself unprotected; if he should suspect his brother, what have I not to dread upon such a discovery?——

Happy *Staudentz*, how cheerfully would I, Bertha, acquiesce in relinquishing courts, the parade of pomp, to live here with Valentine. I am an inmate with the Dowager of Baron Woolstan, who resigned his life for his country, long before you or I knew what honours meant; better for us had we remained in that happy ignorance——you would not have hung dejected for the safety of the Baron Schwerin; nor should I have coveted any other glory than Valentine and this cottage.

After the death of the Baron and his two eldest sons, (who likewise fell) the mourning widow with two infant children retired here, determining to secure them from the allurements of glory, by obscurity; but Woolstan's noble spirit was not to be so checked, the animated blood of his Sire warmed his heart, and at seventeen she was compelled to purchase an Ensigns commission, and the battle of *Sorr* first saw him a soldier and a victim, had not Valentine, humane as brave, rescued him from death, and restored him to his mother's home and their acquaintance.

Eleanor, the lovely daughter, is a counter part of perfection; artless, innocent, never a mile from *Stau-*

dentz, her idea of a court is confused and vague; the neatness of her dress is a ridicule on all finery, always white, not a trait of any colour is to be seen, except her straw bonnet, which is never worn but when in the garden, and at such times carelessly placed, either to one side or the other, as chance directs; her fine auburn hair, which hangs in profusion over her neck and shoulders, disdain the inferior ornaments of a cap, with a figure tall and elegant; yet all this innocence, all this beauty is to be corrupted. Since I have been here Eleanor sighs for a blue petticoat, and a diamond buckle; so prone are we, Bertha, to *err* from the right! She listens with delight to such incidents as I relate relative to a birth-day, or a gala; if the Baroness

toness asks me any particular question, Eleanor will be silent before her, but on being alone with me will repeat it, and have an explanation. I must relate to her the ladies—the gentlemen;—the behaviour of the King—how I appeared on such an occasion; and if in the recital of my dress, I omit any, the most trivial circumstance, she will sit silent for a minute, and then ask, “What, had you no buckles? no flowers? no gloves? or any other less trivial matters, I may have forgotten.

Woolstan and Eleanor are both totally ignorant of their birth, which the Baroness wishes may continue so till her death—it is Valentine is my informant. The affection of the brother and sister is unparalleled—

K 2

Eleanor

Eleanor sings and plays on the harp, in both which she excels; while playing Woolstan hangs over her in extasy; when done, he will press her hand to his lips with rapture—Eleanor throws her lovely arms round his neck, and calls him her Woolstan, her dear brother. Happy innocence, and still happier Woolstan, to be so beloved by the artless Eleanor; when she transfers that love may the object be equally deserving as the amiable and valiant Woolstan.

You will not be surprised at the proficiency they have made in learning, when I tell you the Baroness is an accomplished woman, and her sole employ has been to superintend their education. Eleanor sighs for the court, for diamonds, clasps and gold buckles.

buckles. — Ah! Eleanor, stay at *Staudentz*, you know not what you resign, when you forego the innocent enjoyments which you now wish to relinquish. Happy had been my lot had I only known *Staudentz* — yes, and Valentine, for with him a cottage is a palace; but I cannot persuade Eleanor to believe so, my appearance has corrupted her already. Bertha, my friend, this is a digression to ease a heart, a very heavy heart. Write me of Orlando and of Valentine, to give relief to the terrors and apprehensions of your

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA,

TO

VALENTINE.

Staudentz,

AND is my Valentine at *Berlin*,
at *Magdeburg*? — Happy
the situation, the society of *Stau-*
dentz; — unenvied by your *Isabella*
would be *Berlin* or *Magdeburg*, did
they not contain my Valentine. —
You request me to be chearful, to
be well — I am well — and when
Eleanor is playing on her harp to
Woolstan, I take the instrument
from her hands, and attempt to strike
the accordant strings; beneath my
fingers they refuse their office — my
tremulous hands, agitated by the
terrors

terrors and apprehension of my heart, vibrate harsh and unpleasing melody, when I resign it again to the lovely owner, incapable myself of harmony.

Write me, I conjure you ; by your sworn love I conjure you, how Orlando took my flight ; whether his disappointment shewed itself in silence or in rage ; for well, I am sure, he loved Isabella——well Orlando merited Isabella's love, had not Valentine, the beloved of my heart, a claim, a prior right, a right indubitable, the right of her affections.

When will you come to *Staudentz*? Yet, oh ! do not 'come, it may lead to a discovery——write to me ; yet should I say do not write, the same fearful events may follow——But you must

must write. Woolstan's attention to your Isabella claims your highest acknowledgements. Why did the King congratulate you on your brother's felicity? And why did you, too amiable man, encroach on that brother's happiness. Why? Because your Isabella's happiness was so connected with yours they could not be separated. Write me you are in safety, and that you still continue to love, with unabated affection, your

ISABELLA.

VALENTINE.

VALENTINE,

TO

ISABELLA.

Berlin.

AND does Isabella doubt my love?—By that sworn love, and by her sacred self I swear, it never will, it never can abate!

We left *Magdeburg* in haste, on your flight being made known to Orlando, by the Baroness Schwerin, He flew to *Berlin* in a rage near to madness, thinking you might be there; I went with him, at his request. He visited the Baroness Wafneri, to enquire of her daughter, the occasion of your flight. Bertha expressed

pressed surprise but knew nothing. Orlando, my Isabella, is distracted; now he accuses the young Baron Wafneri, Bertha's brother, of the precious theft—then Buckendoff—and then the Baron Schwerin—but never has suspected your Valentine. His revenge on the author of his misery, when found, is irritated by all the extravagance of disappointed love. Schwerin knows his mother suspects our attachment—Schwerin never will tell, nor will the Baroness reveal her suspicions—in the mean time Orlando appears not at court, I am constrained to go—I look around for my Isabella, I try to trace her dignity of deportment, her grace of manners, her beauty of person, delicacy of complexion, where I have wont to see her walk, admired by
all

all—but Isabella I cannot find, she is at *Staudentz*,

The King enquires of me the cause of Orlando's absence, he must know the cause, but will not mention it; every one is busy in their opinion, yet none knows but Isabella and her Valentine. Sympathy of hearts is an intuitive instructor. I will be at *Staudentz* soon, the campaign will open early in the spring; we are scarcely separated, when the King begins to talk of uniting us again. Does Woolstan attend to my Isabella? Woolstan has susceptibility, let him attend to the lovely Eleanor; but he has my leave to love Isabella (for who that sees her does not love her) provided she does not suffer him
to

to infringe on her affections, which are all claimed and due to the regard of her faithful

VALENTINE.

BERTHA,

TO

ISABELLA.

IN what terms shall I address my Isabella to soften the anxiety and distress of my mind on her absence from *Magdeburg* and *Berlin*; how shall I sooth and lull her terrors to repose, who am alarmed myself with many apprehensions on the same account. Yet don't, my Isabella, think I blame her precipitate conduct, I do not. Situated as you was, could you act otherwise?

The

The brave Orlando, how my heart pities him—amiable valiant youth—yet sinks in terror at the impetuosity of his temper. He was here on his arrival at *Berlin*, he conjured me to tell him if I knew the cause of your absence? if I knew the favored lover? I denied both; Orlando seemed to doubt me, but rest assured, thou friend of my heart, the secret remains inviolate. No event shall ever wrest it from my bosom, though the life of my brother, or Schwerin were to be forfeited. Orlando has doubts of both; Buckendorff too was suspected, but their mutual friendship has warranted him in the most solemn manner to abjure any knowledge of you to my brother, he has not yet questioned him, he may with safety do the same; but the Baron

is

is high spirited, it would be enough for him to be suspected—ill would he brook a charge so repugnant to his intentions— I fear the consequences of an altercation between him and Orlando, or Schwerin.

We were at court yesterday, the 24th of January, the King's birthday; Valentine was there, he is in waiting on the King, Orlando did not appear. Valentine took a private moment to tell me you was well. His brother is still in the utmost distress, but full of resentment, and determined to have an explanation with the Baron Wafneri and Schwerin. I asked him if he had any apprehension of a discovery; he smiled and said, no — if it should happen, he should be sorry to draw his sword
against

against his brother. My dear Isabella, I tell you all, as you requested; I wish, sincerely wish it may pass off without any blood being shed, but I much fear it. His Majesty said to my mother, he was sorry the loveliest woman, the daughter of his late friend, General Marluritz, did not accompany her daughter, and more for the cause, he said — but said no more, than that he should be happy to give his approbation to Schwerin's union with me. Alas! Isabella, as you observed, Schwerin is a soldier; at the time he was saying many gallant things to me in the presence of the King, they were intermixed with his desire for the return of the spring, and his wish to renew the campaign. He laughed when I told him of Orlando's suspicion respecting himself,

himself, but as he does not know that I am privy to the circumstances, was silent on the subject.

My dear beloved friend, I rejoice amidst my apprehensions at your happy situation, with the lovely Eleanor and Woolstan; her amiable innocence, and his manly spirit. I seem to regret they are so nearly united in ties of kindred, as not to admit of a more tender union. Persuade her, Isabella, not to wish to renounce *Staudentz* and its felicities—tell her from me, she would find nothing here to recompense the exchange; I would renounce all for *Staudentz* and *Schwerin*, but the rover would not live at *Staudentz*, with me, or Isabella, or even the innocent Eleanor, provided the prohibition

tion extended to excluding him from his part in the field, in battle, and in war. My mother is totally ignorant of any knowledge I have of your flight from *Magdeburg*, I intend to keep her so.

Let me hear from you soon, write all particulars. Valentine hinted a distant wish to me, that you would consent to a private marriage, but that depends upon yourself—if it would prevent any disagreeable consequences, it might as well be; but I do not see that it can, as it must then be kept secret, on account of the King's displeasure—a little time, and he may be more softened to compliance. His Majesty is not exempt from those feelings a separation of affection occasions—Farewell, my best
VOL. I. L friend,

friend, Schwerin is going from *Berlin* in a few days ; I shall be melancholy without him ; I wish I was certain he would plead the same cause on my account—but he is a rover, and I wish I could forget there is such a man. May the critical situation of my *Isabella* terminate in all things to her intire satisfaction and happiness, is the sole prayer of her affectionate

BERTHA.

ISABELLA,

TO

BERTHA.

Staudentz.

THIS letter will be conveyed to my *Bertha*, by the hands of

of the dear, the amiable Valentine; he has been with me a few short hours. O how quick did the minutes fly; how rapid was time to curtail the short gleams of happiness allowed the unfortunate Isabella; yet am I not totally miserable, because beloved by him. How has he soothed my anxiety, how checked the fallies of intemperate grief; I was lost in sorrow when he came, from the contents of your letter, tears were flowing abundantly; I heard the tread of horses, I ran to the window, where I had often run in the same expectation of seeing him and been disappointed, but now it was Valentine. Eleanor came running breathless, a fine suffusion overspread her face, the animation spoke her errand. How Eleanor loves Valentine! Bertha--

yet she checks herself; she knows his attachment, at least she is very sensible of mine.

The dear man came to me, he clasped me to his heart, he hid those tears (which increased by his presence) in his bosom. Valentine quieted my apprehensions, he assured me there was no cause for my fears, though your letter (still in my hand) filled me with terror. — How has Valentine confirmed me of his love, his unalterable affection. Not a moment so precious was unemployed; but there was no cause to doubt Valentine's faith from the moment he avowed his love——yet did the repetition please; and now he is going, all my fears and apprehensions return. I told him your fears, he
treated

treated them as chimeras. Valentine has no fears—the just have no cause to fear—and if so, Valentine must sleep undisturbed and quiet; his guileless soul participates of infallibility. Valentine is going, his horse is at the door, he must go, I dare not press him to stay. Farewell, Bertha, may the prayer you have offered up be propitious for your friend,

ISABELLA.

ISABELLA,

TO

BERTHA.

Staudentz,

HOW transient is happiness!
How fleeting were the hours
while

while Valentine was with me! They are past, and he is returned to *Berlin*.

My spirits are now more composed, than the agitation of his presence would allow them to be. How shall I conduct myself, Bertha, with propriety? Valentine presses me with importunity for a private marriage; he saw your letter, I could not prevent him from seeing it—the same reason as you mention, did he urge to prevent any ill consequences the suspicions of Orlando might occasion. He would immediately make it public, he says, and plead to the King for a pardon; but I fear he is guided by a too hasty passion, and does not maturely consider the events; I cannot see it in the amiable view his love would wish to make it appear to me.

I have begged time to regulate my conduct—he wishes the marriage to take place before the King collects his forces, they will meet early—in a month Valentine thinks.

The Baroness Woolstan recommends to me to comply with his wishes—the Baroness herself married clandestinely. Alas! Bertha, her misfortunes should rather damp, as well as her arguments, my too ready compliance;—into how many troubles did a too hasty marriage involve that amiable woman in her youthful days, as well as the Baron, her Lord;—and yet, Bertha if by delay Orlando, or more, if Valentine's life should be endangered, what cause should I not have for repentance and incessant grief? Of what avail would
be

be all my tears and lamentations to recall the dead? Could tears avail, Ferdinand I should not now deplore; he would now, in this trial of love and prudence, of love and resolution, have guided and directed me by his superior judgment.

Ah! Bertha, let me check myself; Ferdinand was the friend of Orlando——he had already assented to his wishes before the fatal stroke, that separated him from me for ever; had he yielded to the tender importunity of Orlando, and promised him his friendship——had promised him his Isabella——had disposed of her heart, at that moment the property of Valentine. Valentine at the same time came from court, can I ever forget the first interview after such a long

long absence? A reciprocal attachment, mutual and voluntary, baffled all their intentions, and time alone was to make Isabella know the tender solitudes of Valentine's heart. She now knows them—happy is she in the acquisition of such a treasure as Valentine's heart; yet many are the anxieties, many terrors and apprehensions await the issue, if ever attained, and when attained, perhaps not durable!

The troops will soon meet, and then war and slaughter. You, my Bertha, become now interested; the Baron Schwerin will not quit the field, or an enemy, while animation warms his heart, though that heart may be in part the property of my friend. Excuse me, Bertha, my tears
flow

flow so fast for you and for myself, this unfortunate self, your Isabella; will it ever be given me to write to you, my Bertha, without those portentuous words——misery, misfortune, unhappiness——so often intruded, and applicable to your

ISABELLA.

VALENTINE,

TO

ISABELLA.

Berlin.

DISSIPATE your fears, my lovely Isabella—let them subside—Think only of your Valentine, your happy Valentine; while he, anticipating

icipating the day of his happiness, thinks but of that day and you; alternately they employ his thoughts——and at night, when nature seeks recruit in rest, my Isabella, in dreams, is present to my view——with all those winning graces and attractions, so eminently conspicuous in her lovely form.——O when will my Isabella make me happy!——When will she complete my felicity! by being irrevocably mine; beyond the reach of power or revenge——all will then be hush'd, and in quiet——it is so now——Orlando is more composed; Schwerin is gone to his mother's, at *Magdeburg*. The Baron has assured Orlando he does not know of Isabella.——It was at the tender sollicitation of the Baroness Wafneri, he

he acknowledged he did not. Bertha, too, pressed him to avow his innocence ; Orlando is satisfied with him ; only your Valentine is compelled to wear a false appearance.

When alone with Orlando, he urges me to endeavour to find the aggressor.—To keep his imagination from torturing him, I condole with him ; I lament his fate.—He is convinced of my friendship, while my heart shrinks within me at the deceit.—Love only warrants such treachery, Isabella only justifies.

As Isabella can alone cancel the transgression, your picture is my sole consolation.—When I am from you, I lay it on my pillow at night,
and

and in the day it is an inmate to my bosom.—How often do I press it to my lips in private, and look till I think those lovely lips seem to speak, and those intelligent eyes to chide me for suffering a delay, and by that means a possibility of prevention to promised happiness.

I am now in waiting at court. The King enquires after Orlando's health, and wishes him to appear there; but he cannot—he employs himself in preparing for the next campaign, while my attendance keeps me continually about the person of his Majesty.

I spend most of my time at court, and in reviewing the troops; we
shall

shall certainly soon be in motion.——
Authentic information is arrived of
the movement of the Austrian
troops: Hardy and robust they are
by nature, and by the constitution of
their country inured to hardships.——
The King will not delay, though the
hills are still covered with snow to a
considerable depth.——Can I attend
the King!——Can I face an enemy!
and not call Isabella mine!——First
bless me with your hand; bless me
with the prayers due to a husband;
and then what danger will I not sur-
mount! What glory not atchieve!
for the sake of my Isabella; the
partner of my fame and my am-
bition.——

The

The Baroness Woolstan has promised me to urge my suit; listen to her, Isabella, for my sake; she can plead her own situation, not yet forgot by her.—The brave Woolstan, her Lord, disdain'd all worth but what was comprised in the amiable mother of our Woolstan.—His fate, though premature, was glorious.—

Write me your assent!—Inform me when I may come to *Staudentz*! —The lovely Eleanor shall be bride-maid.—Woolstan shall present me with the inestimable gift.—How gladly will Woolstan perform the office to a friend he so much values.—But all his gratitude—all his acknowledgments for my assistance to him, will never equal

equal the gratitude I shall owe,
when he presents, with a complaisant
smile, the hand of Isabella, to her
grateful and for ever faithful

VALENTINE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME:

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